AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health. — W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia. — C. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them. — Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor. — John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure his eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured. — Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills extant. — S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills. Thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored. — Theodore Laing, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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Does Any One Care for Father?

Does any one care for father?
Does any one think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders
The cares of the family come?
The father who strives for your comfort,
And toils on from day unto day,
Although his steps ever grow slower,
And his dark locks are turging to gray.

Does any one think of the due bills
He's called upon daily to pay?
Milliner bills, college bills, book bills,
There are some kinds of bills every day.
Like a patient horse in a treadmill,
He works on from morning till night;
Does any one think he is tired?
Does any one make his home bright?

I- it right, just because he looks troubled,
To say he's as cross as a bear?
Kind words, little actions of kindness,
Migh- banish his burden of care.
'Tis for you he is ever so anxious;
He will toil for you while he may live;
In return he only asks kindness,
And such pay is easy to give.

—*Evening Wisconsin.*

Selected Serial.

NINA BRUCE.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

CHAPTER XIX.—*Continued.*

"Of course you may, Aunt Dinah," cried Nina, warmly, as she returned the old woman's caress.

"Seems like I had my ole Miss Nina agin," said Aunt Dinah, with a sob, which shook her stout form.

"Come right out to de dinner now; de big gobbler we killed for dem extinguished gemmens, as Miss Florence ware expectin' on, am none too good for Miss Nina."

Later in the evening, Nina and her two brothers called at the Stacy cottage, and Neil was introduced into the home where Ned and Nina had spent four pleasant months—the home that a young girl's Christian influence had blest beyond comparison.

"I am trying to find your way to happiness," Yetta whispered to Nina, as she drew her a little apart. "I begin to understand many things which puzzled me before. My household cares do not fret me as they used to, and everything about our home is so pleasant now. You would hardly know Lute for the girl she used to be. She is so patient and helpful, I sometimes think that she, too, is learning the way. I know that she has serious thoughts, sometimes, though she does not speak of them."

"How good God is!" cried Nina, with misty eyes. "How good he is to bring it all about!"

"Don't you remember, Nina," said Lute, seating herself beside Nina, preparatory to a confidential chat with her 'dearest friend,' "that when you were in such trouble about the locket, you said that God would bring good out of it? I could not see how he was going to do it then; but it is all clear now. I wonder if you ever had an unanswered prayer in your life?"

"*Never*," said Nina, soberly. "Sometimes the answer is different from what I expect, and sometimes I am puzzled to understand it; but it is all clear to me afterwards. I felt a little—just a trifle—rebellious, at first, because papa and mamma were not my own, and I felt as though it could not be right; but I begin to think that God understood it all from the beginning, and it may be that I am no longer needed at home, but am needed at Grandpapa Chester's."

"If he needs a blessing which he has not already got, surely you can bring it to him," said Lute, decidedly.

I sometimes think that if we could fully realize our own influence, for good or evil, over those about us, we should be startled at the result of our words and actions. We never know—we probably never shall know—until we stand before the throne of God, what the harvest of our lives has been.

We sow the seed here and there, and then we pass on and forget all about them, but those tiny seeds live in other hearts—yes, they live forever. Some word of cure, a careless word it may be, starts a new train of thought in the mind of a companion, perhaps, because of love for us, or respect for our views of the subject; they readily accept our statements; and it may be that their whole future life will be colored by them.

We cast a pebble into the sea, and the wavelets widen and widen, until they touch the farthermost shores. So our little words and deeds reach on, and out, until they shall pass into the far eternity—God help us all to think, and speak, and act aright!

Nina Bruce, in her simplicity, her unconscious goodness of heart, and her love for God, had been gathering souls for her Father's kingdom. She had sown good seed, and golden sheaves would await her on the heavenly shore. She had cast a pearl into the ocean of time, and the waves which spread out from it would help souls on toward heaven.

If it be superstition to serve God; to love and revere the name of our blessed Redeemer, who was King of glory, and came to earth, that he might die to wash away our guilt; to grow purer within; to live a nobler life; to think grander thoughts, whose sublime conceptions encircle the very throne of God; to be humble and prayerful; to attribute all good things to him who gave them; to thank him for our blessings; to seek his assistance in times of trouble and doubt; to rely upon his promises—if all this be superstition, and the perfect peace and happiness that come to all who fully believe and trust in God are only symbols of darkness and ignorance then, it seems to me, the world has need of just such superstition as this. On the other hand, if Christ died for us—our best intelligence and our heart tell us that it is true—then where will all those who attempt to solve the problem in another way, appear? Sir Philip Sidney spoke the truth when he said that "reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason."

Four months of companionship with a young girl who had given her heart to Jesus, and who lived her sweet Christian life before them, had been the chosen means of converting a worldly man and his eldest daughter to the "belief" which was the anchor of Nina's safety and happiness, and of turning a wayward girl's thoughts into that same heavenly channel. If in four months it is much could be brought about, what might be accomplished in a whole life spent for Jesus? Time and the record of heaven shall reveal all things; or, if the influence of our lives be never known, what matters it? God knows, and the grand results remain.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEW TEXAN HOME.

"I should like to accompany you on your first visit to Live Oaks," said Colonel Chester, the following morning; "but I have important business duties in another direction. I will therefore telegraph for the boy, who has been staying on the place, and caring for things until I could find a desirable tenant, to meet you at the station with the carriage. He will drive you to Live Oaks, after which his services will be no longer required. The neighbors are kindly disposed and generous to a fault, as all genuine Texans are. They will gladly impart any needful knowledge in regard to cotton culture, or other crops of which you may be ignorant."

"All that is on the place will be at your disposal," he continued, clasping Mr. Bruce's hand ere he departed. "I have no need for anything that is there, or any other place for it. Some of the things will prove quite serviceable, just as you are getting started. I will run down in a day or two and see how you are going to like your new home."

There was a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, as though he had no serious doubts on the subject.

When the morning train, east-ward bound, left the station, it bore the Bruce family, including Nina, who still belonged to them, to their new home at Live Oaks.

Much as Nina had expected from her grandfather's generosity, she was agreeably surprised on beholding the pretty home where dear mamma was to live among the roses.

It was in the spring of the year, just when all nature, in every part of the world, is most beautiful; and especially can this be said of Texas. The whole earth seemed to be carpeted in the most brilliant colors. Snow white poppies, with great wax-like petals; primroses, yellow and golden, and pale pink and deeper crimson; sweet-faced daisies, lifting their starry eyes heavenward; purple and blue verbenas; delicate rain-lilies; variegated hollyhocks; post oak pinks, or phlox, shaded from dainty pink to deepest scarlet, some in silk and some in rich velvet; wee blue bonnets—which is not the botanical name, but is most familiar to the children—all these various hues and colors blended and mingled in one grandly beautiful profusion.

It is little wonder that five pair of northern eyes grew wide with wonder and admiration; that five wildly palpitating northern hearts were amazed that any place, except Paradise, could be so beautiful or that the younger, more enthusiastic ones, almost regarded this "land of flowers" as the border land of Elen. They had only seen the year at its best. They had not, as yet, lived through the long, dry, hot summer which would follow closely upon the footsteps of the spring, and burn the pretty blossoms where they grew.

The three miles' drive between the station and Live Oaks was picturesque and flower gemmed every step of the way.

When their driver pointed out Live Oaks, a little in the distance, the buildings standing upon a slight eminence, regally beautiful and royally crowned by the wide-spreading gigantic live oaks, whose long arms reached out over an immense space, and whose branches were filled with southern songsters, Nina gave a little cry of delight; the two boys uttered exclamations more emphatic and boy like and, unable to restrain themselves any longer, sprang from the carriage and ran on in advance. Mr Bruce said: "Can it be possible?" while Mrs. Bruce drew a long, happy sigh, and her eyes looked out on the beauties of her new home through a veil of mist.

They found the house comfortably furnished, the grounds well kept, and everything in good repair.

"I'll train this vine over the side porch, or gallery, I suppose I must learn to call it, now that I am a southerner," said Neil, with an eye to the improvement of the place; "and my first spare time I will build a pretty grape arbor in the place of those poles."

"And you, mother," said Ned, "shall have a good stout girl to help in the kitchen. These wide, cool galleries are just the place for your rocker and sewing machine. See, Neil, there is just the right space between those two live oaks for a hammock."

"And that high limb is in just the position for putting up a swing," said Neil. "Here you can sit on the gallery, mother, and watch father as he makes himself busy in the garden. You can also see the great fields beyond where, at least, one of your boys will be at work. There will be no long months of winter to freeze you; and your dear ones will all be near you."

"I," said Nina, kissing Mrs. Bruce's cheek affectionately, "will spend every Sunday with you. Grandpapa Chester says I may. I shall be with him during the week, so that I can have the benefit of the instruction Florence now receives; but Sunday will bring your little girl home to you Roses and sunshine; long summer months and singing birds; won't you be happy, mamma?"

"Indeed I shall, my darling," said Mrs. Bruce, gratefully. "It seems like a foretaste of heaven."

"Only we shall have cold northers and bitter disappointments here when we least expect them," said Nina, "and heaven will be so much beyond our best anticipations, that eternity will be one long surprise of happiness."

"Colonel Chester says," interrupted Neil, "that if we go on improving the place, he will consider it the same as interest money, and that, at the end of six years, when Nix comes into possession of her property—just think of our little Nix being an heiress—she may pay him his present price without interest."

"That is too transparent," said Ned, laughing. "At the end of six years he is to let us have the place for its present valuation. He calls the improvements interests, does he? Well, just tell me who will get the improvements, he, or me?"

"Now, Ned, expostulated Nina, "do let grandpapa make you a present of the interest, if he wants to; and don't you or father say one word, but that you think the improvements will pay interest; for he has tried so hard to help you, and you won't let him."

"I have already shut my eyes to some of his kind deeds, because I thought it would gratify him to have me do so," said Mr. Bruce, with a smile. "That fine team, for instance, which he sent out, with a request that I would use them on the place, as he had no use for them in the city. He says he don't like to sell them, and hopes that I can make them earn their board. He especially desires me to work them, and not allow them to grow unmanageable with laziness.

"And the carriage," continued Mrs. Bruce, as her husband paused, while a smile crept into her eyes, "for me to ride in when I go to church. He says it isn't stylish enough for his young ladies, but there's lots of good wear in it. I should think there was. Why, children, it is a finer carriage than I ever expected to ride in. Such a great hearted man as Colonel Chester is, ought to be a devoted Christian."

Into Nina's bright eyes crept a shadow. Her heart was so full of hopes and prayer. Would God ever grant her this blessing?

"That he ought," said Ned, emphatically. "Neil," he added, aside: "I should not wonder if Colonel Chester has been waiting all these years in order to get time to serve God. Perhaps he didn't find the time when he was thirty."

The two boys had stepped a little apart from the rest. Neil reached out and took Ned's hand.

"Ned," he said, while a grand purpose shone in his dark eyes, "don't it seem like a foolish thing for to put off the most important duty of our lives until after we have accomplished lesser ones?"

"It does, Neil," replied Ned, solemnly. "I don't believe we shall ever learn to love Jesus, and find the right path to heaven, more easily than now. Nina will help us."

"Help you to what, boys?" asked Nina, who had heard the last sentence only.

"Help us to become Christians," said Neil. "We have watched you, Nina, since you became one, and we begin to think it is all a mistake to wait until we have made a fortune. I suppose that God needs our best years; and it seems a little selfish to spend them for ourselves, and then give him only the remnants of a wasted life."

"What is right is right," said Ned. "That which blesses the death-bed, will bless a life as well. We mean to give our hearts to God first, and then try to make our life work an honor to him."

Nina came closer to her brothers. She gave each of them a hand, while sudden glory seemed to shine from her face.

"Dear boys," she said, tremulously. Then her eyes grew misty, and her lip quivered. "You can't guess how happy your words have made me," she continued. "If you are anxious to find the way, you surely will. If you go to God with a real desire to become his own, he will never turn you away from him. What a blessed, happy family we shall be—all united in this one best of all blessings!"

There were struggles for the mastery of self, battles with sin, strivings after better things, defeats and victories, for the two brothers. There were dark days and bright days, in the future; but they had started on the right road to sure success in life, sure happiness, here and hereafter. Better than wealth or highest position; more desirable than great wisdom; infinitely beyond any of the brilliant endowments of life—was the inheritance of which Ned and Neil Bruce desired to become heirs.

"I first began to think seriously of these things last winter," said Neil, soberly. "One can get along very well without God when he is having good times, and everything is going right; but when troubles come, thick and fast, as they did to us last winter, then men feel what a comfort it would be if they dared to approach God with their trouble. At any rate, one is apt to remember God at such times, if at no other."

"That's true," said Ned. "I first began to long for Nina's faith when your letter came. I knew that Nina would have taken her trouble to God, and that he would soon have opened up a way for helping you, just as he did do, as soon as Nina knew about it. I tell you what, Neil, it pays one to serve God, just for the real comfort and help one gets here on earth, say nothing of the hereafter."

The two boys had many such conversations as this during their spare moments, and Nina felt as though her Father had overwhelmed her life with blessings. Still she was not ashamed to ask for more, and even greater ones than any of those which he had yet bestowed.

But the story of Nina Bruce is finished. With her father and mother comfortably settled at Live Oaks; with her two brothers trusting in Christ, seeking after the "things that are above," and attending to their present duties, growing more manly and self-reliant with each succeeding month; with Nina bringing sunshine into three homes—for the Stacys are not forgotten by her; with her future experiences and trials awaiting her "down the way," and her present duties finding willing hands for their accomplishment, we will close this story.

And now, dear young reader, whether girl or boy, we have a last word for you. The story of Nina Bruce was not wholly to please your fancy, and to pass away a few pleasant hours. To be sure, we hope that you have enjoyed the acquaintance of Nina and her brothers; but more than this, we earnestly hope that you have found something in the character of our little heroine worthy of imitation; that her happy life—made happy by her humble trust in Jesus—may create in you a desire for the possession of that faith in Christ which made her a blessing to those about her.

It is not a sign of weakness—as the young are apt to think—to give the heart to Jesus; it is a sign of strength—the strength that comes from God alone.

Love for God places upon the human brow the stamp of true nobility.

THE END.

In Brief, and To The Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

The Power of the Czar.

But the Czar's power is absolute only in the sense that wherever and however his personal will reaches and exerts itself, it receives obedience. It is humanly impossible, even were the Czar a man of the most comprehensive political genius, that he should be able to cover with his vision, and direct by his personal motion, the administration of an empire so huge and so unwieldy, comprising so wide a variety of races, and presenting such an infinite complexity of demands upon the ruling power. In the first place, the Czar's power is limited by four conditions: first, that the crown shall descend by right of primogeniture; second, that the heir to the throne shall be declared of age when he has completed his sixteenth year; third, that the Czar, his wife and his children shall be members of the orthodox Greek church; forth, that the issue of any member of the imperial family who marries without the consent of the Czar shall be excluded from the right of succession to the throne. It is true that one Czar can undo what a previous Czar has done. But so imbedded are those conditions in imperial custom, and so vital is the necessity of sustaining the exalted idea of the crown in the eyes of his subjects, that the Czar scrupulously pays pious heed to these decrees of his predecessors. The Czar's power is further limited by the necessity to which his human fallibility subjects him to call in to his aid other intellects, and thus the Czar is compelled, in reality, to yield up, divide, and widely distribute that prerogative which, in theory, is his sole prerogative.—*Boston Post.*

—Jemmy Hirst was an English rustic, whose peculiarities were sufficiently marked to furnish amusement for all the coarse wits of the period. One day he was invited to dine at the house of a lord, whose nephew was also visiting him. This young man immediately conceived the idea of amusing himself at Jemmy's expense. One day, at a meet for the hunt, he said to a fellow guest.

"Let's quiz the old fellow."

"By all means," said the other; "but take care that you do not get the worst of it."

When Jemmy came up the youngest dandy bowed to his saddle, and said: "I wish you a good-morning, Joseph."

"My name isn't Joseph," said the rustic. "Oh, I beg pardon! I mistook you, by your coat and waistcoat, for that patriarch."

"Young man," said Jemmy, with composure, "'twont do to judge by appearances."

"Why?"

"As I war a-commin' up, says I to mysen, 'Here's a gentleman.' When I gotten a bit closer says I, "Nay, he's a dandy.' And now that I heard thee voice, I know thou'rt nowt but a donkey."

—A man went home intoxicated. His wife said: 'So you've had another glass!' 'Glass?' said he. 'Wonderful word. Take off g and it is you.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and then take off I and it is you.'

—An embarrassed young man who had just been married by a clergyman of this city, not knowing how to express his gratitude, in handing over a small fee, said, 'I hope to give you more next time.'

—Gus Snobberly surprised Mrs. Boudclipper while she was painting a picture. 'Ah, Mrs. Boudclipper, I had no idea you were an artist,' said Snobberly, 'I suppose you thought I was stupider than I really am,' replied Mrs. Boudclipper in a bantering mood. 'Oh, no, I never for a moment thought you stupider than you really are. On the contrary, I thupposed you were not so stupid ath you really are.'

—'Will you please insert this obituary notice?' asked an old gentleman of an editor. 'I make bold to ask it, because the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death.'

—An editor received a letter from a subscriber asking him to publish a cure for apple-worms. He replied that he could not suggest a cure until he knew what ailed the worms.

—Eli Perkins on high music: "My cousin Julia is learning to sing hi—opera. Everything is on the hi now; hi—opera, hi—church, hi—heels, or hi—pocracy.

"When Eugene Augustus asked her to sing last night, she flirted up her long train, coquettishly wiggle-waggled to the paino, and sang;

'When ther moo-hoon is mi hildly beheaming
O'er the ca-halm and si-hilent se-e-e-a,
Its ra-dyunce so hoftly stre-heaming,
Oh, ther-hen, oh, ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee bee,
I thee hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-hehehehe-hink hof thee-e-e-e!'

"'Beautiful, Miss Julia, beautiful!' and we all clapped our hands. 'Do please sing another verse—it's perfectly divine, Miss Julia!' said Eugene Augustus. Then Julia raised her golden (dyed) head, touched the white ivory with her jeweled fingers, and warbled:—

'When the sur-hun is bri-hightly glo-hoing
O'er the se-hene so de-hear to me-e-e;
And swee-heet the wee-hind is blo-hoing,
Oh, ther-hen, oh, ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-e-,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he he-hehehe-hink hohohohohohoho
hohoho-of thee-eeee-eeee-e!!!'"

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DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

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MESSRS. C. GATES, SON & CO.:—

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KENNETH McGILVARY.

The above statement was sworn to as correct in every particular, by the above named Kenneth McGilvary, before me, at Spring Hill, this 4th day of August, 1881.

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